



THE
PARADE
1896



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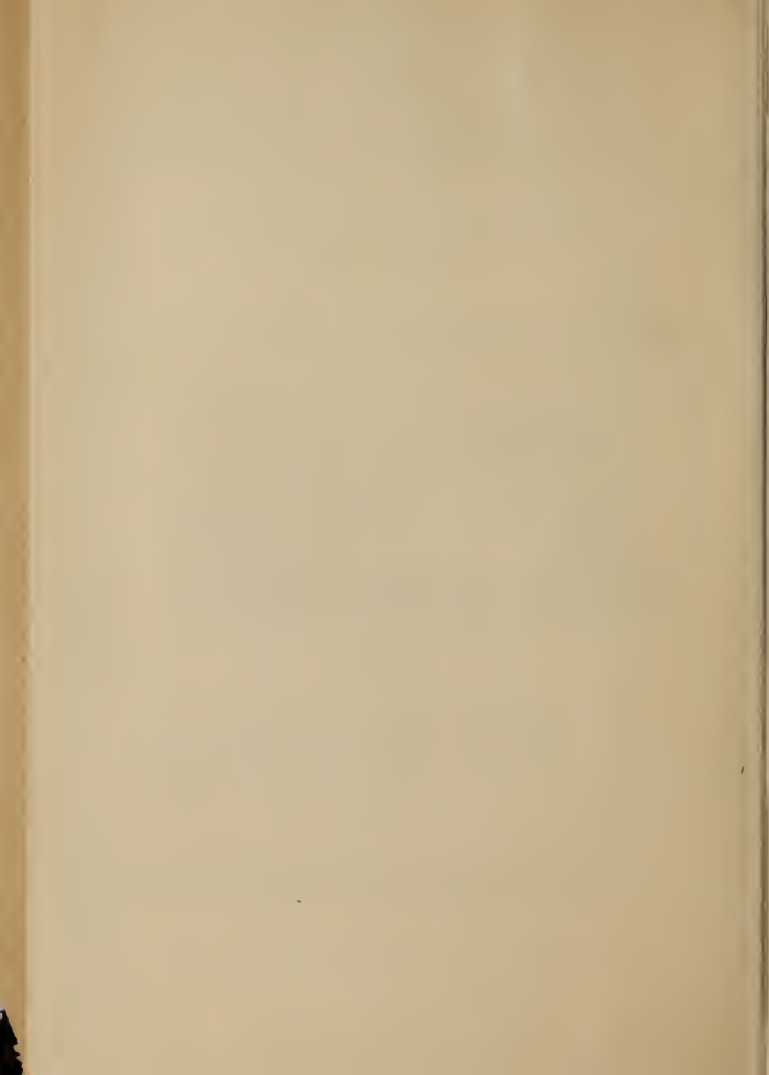
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The Commissioner.



THE FIRST

PARADE

OF THE

Department of Street Cleaning

May 26th, 1896

NEW YORK

PRESS OF THE MARTIN B. BROWN COMPANY

NOS. 49-57 PARK PLACE

1896



Ed. W. Wainwright

May 26th

1896



DEPARTMENT OF STREET CLEANING }
CITY OF NEW YORK }
June 20, 1896. }

TO THE MEN :

The idea of a parade was suggested by different persons, in the Department and outside of it. It was decided about the twentieth of April, about five weeks before it took place.

It would have been impossible to secure so good a result in so short a time had you not entered heartily into the spirit of the thing and worked with a will for its success. Too much credit cannot be given you for this, and this record of the event is published for your permanent praise. Whatever the newspapers have said of the officials of the Department, they have all emphasized the manliness, the respectability and the self-respect of the men themselves. It was the demonstration of these qualities that made the parade what it was in its effect on the people.

And consider what this effect was !

It was a revelation and an astonishment to the thousands who had crowded the line of our march, expecting to be amused by a medley of grotesque laborers and cartmen, struggling to make an orderly movement down Fifth avenue.

What they really saw we know, and they know it, too—and they will never forget it.

They saw a sturdy, resolute body of men, proud of their organization and conscious of their value. They saw—at a flash—that New York has now another Department which it must place beside the Fire Department and the Police De-

partment, as one of the most respected and useful agencies of its civilization.

Henceforth, you will no longer be looked down upon as mere menial laborers, deserving only the wages of daily toil ; you are accepted as a part of the regular staff of the municipal government, fully entitled to your appointed salaries, as you are to the confidence and regard of the people.

It is the great pride of my life to have been able to assist in such a transformation as has taken place since the first white uniform was put on, a year ago ; and I am sure this pride is shared by all the enthusiastic men of the official staff who have been the means of its accomplishment.

GEO. E. WARING, JR.

Commissioner.

Report of the Grand Marshal.

After Colonel Waring had decided to have his parade, the question arose as to how to make it effective as a display.

The sweeper force must be organized and drilled to a certain extent, and the carts, horses and drivers must be put in order.

All the district superintendents and stable foremen were asked to meet at the main office to consult with the Deputy Commissioner, Captain Gibson, the General Superintendent, Mr. Robbins, and the Assistant Superintendent, Major Cushing, as to the details to carry this out.

A genuine enthusiasm was manifested, and the difficulty was to repress it so that the force should not lead itself into unnecessary expense. The result was that the sweepers went to work and drilled in their spare hours. Every stable exerted itself to surpass the other, and painted the carts, polished the harnesses, and groomed its horses to that end. Every person from top to bottom worked like a beaver.

It was a recognized fact that to get these men and this equipment into shape in the short time allowed would necessitate *work*, and it was fully given.

Accordingly explicit orders were given for the arrangement of the parade, and a competent body of aides enabled the grand marshal, Major Cushing, to carry out his orders.

The procession was assembled on the side streets above Fifty-ninth street, and at exactly the appointed time, 3.30 P. M., it started on its way.

This march went off without a hitch. The column rested for five minutes on arriving at the reviewing stand at Forty-second street, and the whole affair was over at 5.20 P. M.

There were about 1,500 sweepers organized in squads of twelve; there were over 600 ash carts, ash trucks, sweeping machines, etc., and the procession was one and a half miles long. They were displayed by districts and stables in the best way to avoid monotony. The procession was preceded by an exhibit of carts from each stable, competing for a prize for excellence, and by three large trucks loaded with enthusiastic child-helpers from the East side.

Interspersed in the column were special exhibits showing the operations of the Department, especially those which have been initiated by the Commissioner.

Twelve bands added to the display.

All the viewing citizens were satisfied, and the men of the Department went home that night confident that they were thoroughly appreciated by New York, and lifted up to the plane of the highest department of the city.

The prize banner, given to the best district, was gained by the Eleventh District, under the charge of Mr. Triest. A prize banner was awarded to the best stable, and a prize of \$15, together with a banner, to the best cart. All of these were captured by Stable "G," Foreman Herlihy, Cart No. 711 driven by James Giblin, receiving the latter.

Congratulatory Order

DEPARTMENT OF STREET CLEANING }
CITY OF NEW YORK }
May 27, 1896. }

GENERAL ORDER No. 13.

To the Members of the Department of Street Cleaning :

I desire to express my most sincere thanks to every man in the Department for the splendid success of the parade. Such a brilliant result could not have been secured without the cordial co-operation of all, men and officers. The effect of our success on the Department itself will be permanent. An organization in which all have once united their efforts for the general good is sure to grow better and better as time goes on. The effect on the public has been marvelous. Those who came to scoff remained to praise. The Department of Street Cleaning has lifted itself out of comparative obscurity, and has become a prime favorite with the people of all classes. Henceforth, it will be a proud thing to be connected with it in any capacity.

GEORGE E. WARING, JR.
Commissioner.

Judges' Reports

NEW YORK, May 28, 1896.

To the Commissioner :

SIR—I submit the official report of Mr. G. I. Herbert, judge of stables and carts, at the recent parade of the Department.

Mr. Herbert personally informed me that in an extended experience of carts and draught horses he never saw collected together such a thoroughly even and efficient lot.

In reference to the nine representative carts he said that it would be next to impossible to surpass them.

Which opinion of an expert must be very gratifying to you personally and to the Department.

Yours respectfully

HARRY C. CUSHING

Assistant Superintendent.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY BYRON, NEW YORK



OFFICE OF H. L. HERBERT & Co. }
 No. 71 BROADWAY, May 27, 1896. }

Major HARRY C. CUSHING, *Assistant Superintendent Department Street Cleaning*, No. 32 Chambers street :

DEAR SIR—As judge of horses and carts and their equipment of the various stables of the Department of Street Cleaning in their parade of yesterday, I beg to state that owing to the very surprising excellence of all of them it was extremely difficult to decide which one should be given the preference, and my decision was arrived at only by taking in every little detail. Of the 9 representative turnouts, one from each stable, I gave the first to No. 711, Stable G, and second to No. 1, Stable A, and third to No. 403, Stable D. In judging the stables as they passed the reviewing-stand I was again obliged to give the first to Stable G, with H a very close second. This decision was arrived at by taking in consideration not only their general appearance but the quality and condition of the horses, the fit of the harness, the appearance of the carts and drivers and the manner in which they kept in line. I wish also to mention Stable I, which made a very good display.

Very truly yours

G. I. HERBERT.

NEW YORK, May 27, 1896.

Colonel GEORGE E. WARING, JR.,
Commissioner of Street Cleaning :

DEAR SIR—In my capacity as judge of the marching and appearance of the sweepers of your Department, at their Inaugural Parade, on the 26th instant, I have the honor to report that I reviewed the men from the reviewing stand on Fifth avenue, near Forty-first street.

I anticipated something of the difficulty in the performance of my duties as judge, but found the task exceeded my expectations. In fact, the general excellent appearance, and one might say phenomenal marching and evidence of discipline, was a surprise, not only to myself but to all who witnessed the parade. The shades of difference were so fine as to be, at times, almost imperceptible.

I was fortunate in the assistance of Mr. McCann, the bookkeeper of your Department, who took stenographic notes of my observations as the Parade passed, and which notes I have since gone over very carefully to refresh my mind.

Everything considered, I have concluded to award the prize to the Eleventh District, with a percentage of 98.

Following close after them were Districts Nos. 5 and 6 with a percentage of 97. Next followed Districts Nos. 1, 8 and 10, with a percentage of 96 each. Next in order was District No. 4, with a percentage of 95, and following that

were Districts Nos. 2 and 7, with 94 per cent. each ; Districts Nos. 3 and 9, with 92 per cent. each, were the next.

In making up the percentages, I agreed upon the following schedule :

70 per cent.,	good.
80 “	very good.
90 “	excellent.
100 “	perfect.

You will thus see that I anticipated wider differences than actually existed, and that every district was above the “ excellent ” point.

It is very possible, and, judging from what I hear from others, probable, that at other points in the parade than opposite the reviewing stand these shades of differences were reversed, so far as the marching was concerned, but I am satisfied that the Eleventh District excelled all others while passing the reviewing stand.

I cannot allow this opportunity to go by without presenting my compliments and hearty congratulations to you on the magnificent success which the parade was in every respect, and I am sure that the Department of Street Cleaning has risen many pegs in the estimation of the citizens of New York,

Respectfully submitted

M. H. WHALEN.

How the Sweepers Liked the Parade

The following resolution was received from the thirty-two sweepers and nine drivers constituting “ The Committee of 41,” * elected by the workmen as a permanent Committee of Conference :

MAY 29, 1896.

“ *Resolved*, That Col. George E. Waring, Jr., be thanked for the untiring, painstaking and zealous manner in which the parade was organized and managed so successfully as to bring praise from all sides, even those who had come to scoff and make fun of the humble servants of the City, and for the great interest he had taken in his employees. We wish to take this opportunity to express, by unanimous vote, that we think the idea of the parade was not suggested by him for personal glory and benefit, as has been suggested by some persons and papers, but, as you have stated and admitted, for the good and benefit of the Department ; also to show the public where its money has been spent ; what a manly and respectable lot of men you could turn out ; fine horses, carts and other equipments, the great need of a large appropriation to

*This is a committee of permanent spokesmen elected by the men gathering at the nine stables and thirty-two section stations. It meets on one afternoon of each week for the discussion of complaints, requests and suggestions as to affairs affecting the welfare of the working force.

sustain and pay such an army of employees, a large part of the community never thinking so many men and carts were actually employed by the Department."

You own up to a great personal pride in the matter, but as we, "the employees," consider ourselves partners with you in the same, which has been clearly proven, you are pardonable.

We have been ridiculed and made a great deal of fun of, but being used to that kind of treatment were agreeably surprised to meet with smiles and cheers all along the line of march, from many who came to laugh at us, and who considered it ridiculous for sweepers and drivers of ash carts to parade.

We wish further to compliment you for making it possible for the employees of the Department of Street Cleaning to appear in a body and march before the public. Being reviewed by the Mayor and other public officers of the city, they will have a respect for us they never had before, this opportunity never having been given before, which will eventually be greatly to the advantage of the employees of the Department.

For the Committee of 41.

SAMUEL MILLER

Chairman

A. J. LUSK

Secretary.

Extracts from Press Reports

It was a great day for Col. Waring yesterday. His white squadron, which have been made the butt of so much fun, turned out on its first parade before the eyes of New York, and the result more than justified the Commissioner's desire to have them seen by the public, for in point of effectiveness and interest the exhibition was such as no other city department can hope to equal. Undoubtedly the police, when the time comes for their parade, will march better, but no police parade has ever been so picturesque as the line that stretched along Fifth avenue yesterday afternoon. The much-derided white uniforms gave to the platoons an appearance that was both businesslike and attractive. There were about 1,400 men in line. From the beginning of the march to the end there was nothing but applause from the crowds that filled the sidewalks all along, and, judging from the reception given to the squadron, its head was entirely right in supposing that a sight of them in organized array was all that would be necessary to evoke a demonstration of the public approval.

Owing to the refusal of the Aldermen to build a reviewing-stand on the street, a small stand was put up within the fence and just outside of the walls of the reservoir at Forty-second street, wherein seats were provided for the guests. In this stand many of the city departments were represented: Public Works, by Gen. C. H. T. Collis; Charities, by John P. Faure; Fire, by Commissioner La Grange; Health, by President Wilson and Col. Emmons Clark, and Police, by Col. Avery D. Andrews. Others in the reviewing-stand were Gen. Anson G. McCook, Sheriff Tamsen, Corporation Counsel Scott, Magistrate Mott, and ex-Street Cleaning Commissioner W. S. Andrews, who watched the parade with interest and afterward congratulated Col. Waring. The centre seat in the stand, over which waved a flag, was reserved for Mayor Strong. In front of the above was a squad of police and ten aides-de-camp of the Department of Street Cleaning in full uniform.

At a quarter to four there came the sound of cheering from down Fifth avenue, and the Mayor drove up in a carriage. As he alighted the men in white lined up, and he passed between them to the stand. It was not long to

wait before the head of the procession, which had formed at the lower end of the Park, came in sight, a ripple of cheering preceded it. In front rode five mounted policemen, followed by a band, and then came Col. Waring and Capt. Gibson, the Deputy Commissioner, on horseback. The Colonel, like his aides, wore a black undress uniform, with a spotless white helmet. His horse, which was a nervous animal, curveted and pranced and did fancy side steps as the cheering and applause burst out, but the Commissioner is an admirable horseman, and quickly reined up in front of the stand, where he dismounted. Going up into the stand he took his place next to Mayor Strong. Then began the passing of the line in review.

It is highly probable that a considerable part of the crowd on the sidewalks had gathered with the purpose of guying the "White Wings." The duck uniforms have, when seen individually on the street, always been the cause of more or less ridicule, but there was none of this yesterday. However they may look separately, the duck suits on a marching line of men were shown to be perhaps the most effective uniform ever seen here in a parade. Beside their spotless neighbors the gay apparel of the bands looked tawdry. The view of Fifth avenue along the line of white-clad men, alternating with the buff-bodied, red-wheeled carts with their brown-clad drivers, was something to remember. The showing was a complete surprise to a vast majority of the spectators, and the manifestations of admiration were the more enthusiastic because they came spontaneously from those who had meditated manifestations of quite a different kind.

Taken all in all, the parade was very like an army procession, the cleaners being the infantry and the carts the artillery. Certainly there is nothing intrinsically beautiful in the big, clumsy, rumbling carts of the Street Cleaning Department; yet no part of the procession so caught the public favor as the triple lines of these vehicles. Nine of them, the crack carts of the Department, followed directly after Col. Waring. All of them had been freshly painted, and they looked as spick and span in their shining buff and red as so many huge Christmas toys. Each was drawn by a splendid big Percheron horse, driven by a brown-suited driver, who sat up straight and stiff as a coachman, and each had its particular number painted on the side. Over the body of the cart was draped a spotless white duck covering. They drove three abreast in perfect alignment, and the thunderous rumbling of their heavy wheels couldn't drown out the cheering that greeted them. One of the number, 711, carried a blue flag, signifying that it was the prize cart.

Behind these carts came three platform trucks filled with little girls of the Children's Auxiliary Aid Society, who shook their handkerchiefs in greeting to Col. Waring and the Mayor, and when the latter not only bowed but also waved his hat at them they shrieked in excited glee, and hopped up and down in such wild abandon that several policemen ran out and walked along beside the trucks, expecting momentarily that some of the small girls would fall out.

Next came General Superintendent Robbins in a department buggy, followed by Major H. C. Cushing, the Assistant Superintendent, and the Grand Marshal with his aides. The main body of the procession followed by districts and stables, the street cleaners of the districts led in squads by the foremen and followed by the carts of the stable in that district. There are eleven districts and nine stables, and it would be a very difficult matter to say which carried off the palm yesterday.

The footmen marched in twelve files front, each line preceded by a foreman in black uniform. Many of the platoons failed of absolute alignment and did not march in perfect step, but considering the limited opportunities for drill, the appearance of the men as a whole was wonderfully good. It was evident that while many were of middle age they were all sturdy, able-bodied men, capable of earning their pay by hard work. They walked briskly and stood up straight and left the impression in one's mind that if war were to come upon our country the Street Cleaning Department could turn out a pretty

formidable regiment ready for business. Some way there was something soldierly about them, even though they wore the color of peace.

Here and there in line were little spots of brightness or variety. For instance, two very diminutive boys clad in the uniform of the department plodded along in front of the second district, and not far behind them came a horse cart, brilliant with flowers and flags, drawn by eleven cartmen in brown. A division of seventy-five dirt carts, three abreast, fairly shook the earth with their heavy rumbling, and their colors contrasted well with the bright green water carts that followed them. Further along came three enormous two-horse dirt carts, followed by sixty single horse carts. Stable A showed a fine colt, the property of the Street Cleaning Department by right of birth. By way of showing how his men work, Commissioner Waring had arranged for two trucks, one carrying the bag carriers at work, filling up their bags with rubbish, and the other the ash-can men at their labor. It was quite in the fashion of a float at the Arion ball. The men hustled at their work and the crowd cheered them. Behind these came the rotary sweepers. Stable B showed a gayly decorated horse cart drawn in fine military style by eleven negroes. Near the end of the line came some of the Children's Auxiliary Aid youngsters in wagons. As they came to the stand they rose up from their seats and shrieked in chorus, for the benefit of Mayor Strong and Col. Waring :

He ! He !
Who are we ?
We are the aids of the D. S. C.

Capt. Whalen's corps, who clean Broadway from the Battery to Fourteenth street, showed up distinctively, because of the peculiar cut of their jackets and their black belts. The fifth, sixth, and eighth districts marched like veterans, and caught the crowd by their fine step and alignment. A noticeable feature was the excellent horsemanship of the heads of the platoons, who were all mounted. Why a job in the Department of Street Cleaning should produce the ability to witch the world with noble horsemanship it is difficult to understand, yet so it seemed to be.

The end of the line was brought up by the boys of the auxiliary, who nearly split their throats yelling for their chief. As the last platoon passed, Mayor Strong turned to Col. Waring and said :

"Commissioner, I want to congratulate you upon the showing of your men. I am genuinely surprised. I don't believe there is another city in the world that could equal what we have seen to-day. You have taught us a lesson in organization."

Many others came forward to congratulate Col. Waring, among them Commissioner Andrews, who said, as he shook hands with the Colonel :

"I hope the police will do as well. After to-day every man in your Department ought to be proud of his uniform, and will be."

The procession disbanded at Madison Square. A man with an advertising scheme intended to bring up the tail end of the line with a squad of small colored boys rigged out in imitation of Waring's men, and supplied with "Roosevelt teeth," who should both make fun of the parade and advertise his wares. The police shut this off, however, which was, perhaps, just as well for the advertising squad. It wasn't the right day yesterday for guying the White Squadron.

The exact formation of the line was as follows :

Mounted Police.
7th Regiment Band.

Commissioner, Col. George E. Waring, Jr., and Deputy Commissioner,
Capt. F. M. Gibson, mounted.

Nine representative carts, competing for a prize.

Three platform trucks with young girls of the Children's Auxiliary Aid Societies.

General Superintendent Robbins.
 Major H. C. Cushing, Assistant Superintendent.
 Grand Marshal and aides.
 The Bersagliere Band.
 First District.
 Second District.
 Stable G.
 71st Regiment Band.
 Third District.
 Stable E.
 69th Regiment Band.
 Fourth District.
 Stable A.
 12th Regiment Band.
 Fifth District.
 Sause's Band.
 Seventh District.
 Two platform trucks making a special display of street cleaning operations.
 Four double sweeping machines.
 Stable B.
 Sixth Regiment Band.
 Sixth District.
 Stable H.
 Capt. Whalen's men, who clean Broadway from the Battery to Fourteenth street.
 St. Monica's Drum Corps.
 Eighth District.
 Stable F.
 The Old Guard Band.
 Ninth District.
 Stable C.
 Squadron A Band.
 Tenth District.
 Stable D.
 Protectory Band.
 Eleventh District.
 Stable I.
 Drum Corps.
 Boys in the Children's Auxiliary Aid Societies.
 Superintendent of Stables John C. Wallace.

—*N. Y. Sun.*

Colonel Waring stood under the frowning, ivy-clad battlements of our grandfathers' reservoir, at Forty-second street and Fifth avenue, yesterday, and saw his enemies broken under the wheels of the newly painted ash-carts, trucks and hose-carts of his stable brigade.

He saw the frivolous and envious Aldermen who would not give him a grand stand worthy of his parade torn into pieces with the plaudits of a vast assemblage, which went wild with enthusiasm over the white-duck army, revealed for the first time to the public eye in its strength, its splendor and its admirable drill.

After yesterday's spectacle, Waring must no longer be reckoned a mere Commissioner. He is a poet, a colorist, a showman if you will, but no mere street-cleaning commander.

He injected into the dreary subject-matter of mud, garbage and ashes a new significance. The man who gathers the refuse from the street in front of your window was idealized by Waring, and nobody will ever be able to think slightly of him again.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY HYRON, NEW YORK.

IMAGINATION RAN RIOT.

Waring forgot nothing. His parade made the annual police turnouts look silly by comparison, for the reason that he variegated his line with novel devices, brilliant flowers, music and startling surprises of all kinds.

Lest the general effect should prove monotonous, this Wagner of the street-cleaning brigade shot his white battalions through and through with suggestive, not to say striking, ideas. Music was so abundant that the ear was ravished, and when the quivering air was suffered for a moment to lie still, the eye in turn was caught with unexpected symmetries and inimitable contrasts.

Like all necromancers, the Colonel did not leave the children out of his calculations, and, as if to emphasize his big-heartedness, there rolled immediately at the heels of his plunging charger two truckloads of little girls of the east side auxiliaries, apparelled in the hues of the flower garden and chanting the good Colonel's praises.

And bringing up the rear of the line were four companies of boys bearing banners, marching like soldiers and cheering in wild shrill trebles. The Mayor was so overcome by this spectacle that he dropped his hat.

Everything about this parade was done with military precision. The rendezvous was at Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, and promptly at half-past three o'clock the head of the line was in motion. An immense crowd had gathered at the Plaza to give the white army a send-off. Some disappointment was expressed when it was discovered that the Colonel wore no uniform.

But disappointment grew into anguish when it was seen that the Colonel had clipped his mustache to a mere bristle, and had even sacrificed the waxed ends. The band struck up "The Lost Chord" and many eyes were dimmed.

Colonel Waring wore an undress uniform coat of blue without braid, a pair of gray trousers strapped to his boots, and his famous white helmet. His progress was that of an uncrowned king. His horse minced along sidewise and kicked every time the big drum was beaten. Cheers mingled with the blare of trumpets and the crash of carts. The very streets rose up and called him blessed.

AT THE REVIEWING STAND.

The reviewing stand was built behind the reservoir railings. Mayor Strong drew up before it in a hired hack with rubber tires shortly before three o'clock and proceeded to give the "glad hand" to General McCook, James C. Carter, Sheriff Tamsen, Corporation Counsel Scott, President of the Board of Health Wilson, General Emmons Clark, Fire Commissioner La Grange and Charity Commissioner Faure.

When the stand was reached Commissioner Waring and Deputy Gibson dismounted gracefully from their horses and walked to places which had been reserved for them near the Mayor. The line proceeded under the leadership of Grand Marshal H. C. Cushing and fourteen aides. Colonel Waring and Deputy Gibson remained in the stand until the procession had passed, when they remounted and rode at the end of the line to the point of dispersal, at Madison avenue and Twenty-sixth street.

The men made a fine appearance in their white duck suits and helmets, and, all things considered, put up a doughty, and, in some cases, admirable march. There were fourteen hundred sweepers in line, representing eleven districts. They passed the stand in squads of twelve, marching in single rank. Each district was commanded by the district superintendent, either on horse-back or in a buggy, while the squads in each instance were commanded by a picked man.

RUMBLE OF THE CARTS.

One of the imposing features of the display were the six hundred ash carts, ash trucks, hose carriages, express wagons and dirt carts, representing the nine stables of the Department, and commanded by the stable foreman. All had been newly painted, and the hose carts were, in many cases, decorated with flags and flowers. The drivers wore dark brown uniforms and drove their

springless charges three abreast with commendable grace and precision. At the head of the column were nine prize ash carts, which were judged by G. L. Herbert, while Captain M. J. Whalen passed upon the proficiency of the sweepers.

Upon two two-horse platform trucks practical illustrations were afforded of the processes of street cleaning. One of the trucks was labelled "Bag carriers for street cleaning," and the other "Ash cans for house ashes." Men shovelled dirt into the bags and ashes into the cans in a most realistic manner.

When a cartload of little girls passed the reviewing stand the children cried "Hie, he! Who are we? We are the aids of the D. S. C."

Mayor Strong said after it was over that the parade had been a surprise to him. He had not expected anything half so fine. He was not the only one who thought so. Citizens in all walks of life were heard to extol the showing of the Department, and one man said emphatically:

"After this he can have all the money he wants."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Colonel Waring gave New York a surprise yesterday. Half the tremendous crowd which lined Fifth avenue for the parade of the Street Cleaning Department went to scoff at the humble "White Wings." They did not remain to pray, exactly, but they went home singing praises.

It was the exaltation of the humble street-sweepers—an apotheosis of the "White Wings."

It was also a personal triumph for Colonel Waring, and as he gracefully rode away from the reviewing stand after the first parade in the history of the department had passed, the blocks of humanity closed in on him and cheered until his horse in his proud prancing seemed to bow its acknowledgments.

The reporter does not ask you to take his word for these statements. Here are expressions from men who were on the reviewing stand at the Forty-second street reservoir.

Mayor Strong—Splendid! It will astonish New York. I had some idea of what was coming, but my highest expectations were inadequate.

James C. Carter—It was the greatest triumph ever wrought by any municipal department—the best parade within my memory.

Francis M. Scott, Corporation Counsel—It makes an epoch in municipal history. Write the most complimentary things you can think of, and ascribe them to me.

General Anson G. McCook, City Chamberlain—It was the greatest parade I ever saw in New York, the most unique and interesting, and the most instructive.

Police Commissioner Andrews, who is a military man—It was astonishing. I had no idea men without military training and from the humbler walks of life could be drilled in so short a time to so near perfection. I was particularly struck with the equipment, the magnificent horses and the clean, brightly painted carts and wagons.

HE KNOWS NEW YORK.

Colonel Waring came from Rhode Island, but he knows that New York is like Paris in that she likes to be reminded in a spectacular way of her own greatness. No one who saw yesterday's column of 1,400 street sweepers, 800 wagons and 100 horsemen moving along to the music of ten bands and a drum corps under red and white banners and the Stars and Stripes could help feeling that his city is indeed great.

The windows of Fifth avenue were occupied at first only by servants, but news of what was passing reached the mistresses of the palaces and their families and guests. Then flashes of laces and silks and satins could be seen through the glass. It was a passing show they couldn't miss.

The languid interest of the members of the Metropolitan, the Union League

and the other rich clubs of the avenue was aroused, and the humble "White Wings" saw looking down on him men who are accustomed to spending for a single dinner what would pay his salary for a year.

SHOCKED MILLIONAIRES.

The Fifth avenue crowd was not an Easter crowd. Half of it was made up of the wives and sweethearts and friends of the "white wings." They sat on the forbidding wall around the Metropolitan Club, shocking the inmates by their democracy. They elung to the iron fence around Cornelius Vanderbilt's mansion. They struggled under the dragons at C. P. Huntington's door. They fought for seats on the steps at W. C. Whitney's and at H. McK. Twombly's. They swarmed into the broad entrance to Willie K. Vanderbilt's palace and tried to climb the marble pillars to get seats on the bronze lions above. They took possession of the walls around the Vanderbilt band-boxes and made grand stands of every brownstone stairway on the avenue.

They brought flowers for the "white wings" and tossed bouquets to them as they passed or dodged the policemen to put them in the proper hands.

* * * * *

It was a great day for Waring, but a greater day for the humble "white wings."—*N. Y. Press*.

New York has had parades of many varieties, but it is safe to say that not one of them was as novel as the one that took place yesterday.

Thousands and thousands of people saw the parade, and as a result of it one well-known and much-discussed city official was last night, and is this morning, a proud and happy individual. He is Commissioner of Street Cleaning, Col. George E. Waring, Jr. The parade and its success were due to him.

In the parade, two miles long, were men of divers nationalities. They wore queer clothes. Some marched in a go-as-you-please-way and some like soldiers. There were carts such as never were seen until Col. Waring started in to clean this great city—carts of steel. White helmets predominated. And girls and boys, a goat, and a little colt "born in the service" rode and marched.

Fifth avenue never before saw such a sight. It produced applause at various points. Mayor Strong clapped his hands several times as the parade passed in review before him. So did the City Fathers, a number of whom saw the turnout from the platform that they did not want erected.

It was said that, all told, there were 2,200 men in this first annual parade of the Street Cleaning Department. It took them an hour and twenty minutes to pass the reviewing stand in front of the Forty-second Street Reservoir. This included a wait of about ten minutes.

The street cleaners and the rest had formed in the side streets from Sixtieth street to Seventieth street. There was no confusion.

Five mounted policemen from the High Bridge station headed the line. In the line that followed were boys of the Children's Auxiliary Aid Societies on foot, Col. Waring, Deputy Commissioner F. M. Gibson, General Superintendent Robbins, Assistant Superintendent H. C. Cushing, district foremen of the department—some mounted and some in carriages; the sweepers, cartmen and stablemen.

Near the head of the line were nine representative carts, which had been in competition for a banner. The prize was won by Cart No. 711, numbers that were alluded to as significant along the line by persons familiar with that elusive game known as "craps." Peculiarly enough, too, the figures 4-11-44 were in evidence for a brief period. That notorious "policy gig" was painted on the bags carried by a dozen colored boys who were advertising some kind of polish, and who wore suits modeled after the street sweepers. They wanted to join the procession, but the police would not have it.

Col. Waring and Deputy Gibson rode to the reviewing stand at Forty-second

street. There they dismounted and joined the Mayor and other city officials and a few ex-officials. One of the latter was W. S. Andrews, Col. Waring's predecessor. He told a reporter for the *New York Times* that the display was "very good."

Some of those on the stand were Sheriff Tamsen, Corporation Counsel Scott, City Magistrate Mott, Gen. Collis, of the Department of Public Works, and Fire Commissioner LaGrange.

There was plenty of martial music. Ten bands played—that of the Seventh Regiment being in the lead. There was some disappointment at the absence of the familiar white, flat-topped cap among the sweepers. Only about fifty wore them. All the others had helmets.

The effect of the recent drills on the men who marched was dissimilar. Apparently on some the drills had had no effect. But occasionally, by looking up or down the line, it was possible to see the regular sway that characterizes marching in step.

A most creditable feature of the parade, however, was formed by the cart horses. All were apparently young and strong, and of some of them, it was said on the reviewing stand, that they would serve well ahead of private carriages.

Many of the foremen carried bouquets, and the hose-carts drawn by the stable employees were draped with bunting of various sorts.

There was applause for the girls of the Children's Auxiliary Aid Societies, who, as they rode by the reviewing stand shouted "Hie! He! Who are we? We are the aids of the D. S. C." And the goat was cheered. What part he plays in the cleaning of the streets did not appear.

There was a great deal of curiosity expressed as to the reason for the parade. A reporter for the *New York Times* asked Col. Waring.

"Why," he said, "the reason is the same as that for all parades—that the men may be seen and may see."

On the arrival of the end of the procession at the reviewing stand, Col. Waring and Capt. Gibson remounted their horses. The Colonel got up with-out difficulty and raised his helmet in respect to a generous cheer.

The two judges of marching and general equipment, Gilbert I. Herbert, the coal dealer, and Capt. Michael Whalen, who has charge of the "Broadway Squad" of sweepers, decided in favor of Stable H, which includes the carters and sweepers.

From the reviewing stand this novel procession continued down Fifth avenue to Twenty-sixth street, and up Madison avenue to Thirty-fourth street, where it was disbanded.

The opinion was generally expressed along the line that the men were a creditable-looking lot. "They would pass in a small crowd," was one declaration.—*N. Y. Times*.

Oberst Waring's „weiße Husaren“ hatten gestern Nachmittag Parade, und es war dies das erste Mal in der Geschichte des Straßenreinigungs-Departements, das es geschah und den Gothamiten ein so „reinliches Schauspiel“ geboten wurde. Die Straßenkehrer sehen nicht immer so appetitlich aus, wie sie sich gestern in ihren schneeweißen Uniformen präsentirten. Ob die armen Kerle wohl gar noch extra Gala-Uniformen sich halten müssen, um der Eitelkeit ihres Obersten zu leisten?

An die 3000 Mann marschirten an der mit wogenden Menschenmassen dicht angefüllten 5. Ave. in Reih und Glied, untermischt mit etwa 800 Wagen aller Art, die im Departement diese oder jene Dienste thun müssen. Alles war gepußt, polirt und blank gemacht, die Wagen

sammu und sonders frisch angestrichen, und der Reid muß es dem Obersten lassen, daß er mit seiner weißen Besengarde und den bunten Fuhrwerken einen recht guten Eindruck machte. Die Applaus der Massen blieb auch nicht aus, und die sich drängenden und schiebenden Zuschauer konnten von der Polizei kaum abgehalten werden, der Weg ganz gründlich zu versperren.

Innerhalb des eisernen Geländers vor dem Reservoir war die Tribüne errichtet, zu welcher der Stadtrath bekanntlich seine Erlaubniß verweigert hatte. Der Oberst pfiff übrigens auf diese Unhöflichkeit, denn sein Freund General Collis hatte ihm schon die Errichtung derselben zugesagt.

Außer dem Mayor Strong nahmen auch „Prominente“ und „Unprominente“ die Reue über die Parade ab. Da waren noch: Polizeikommissär Andrews, Wohlthätigkeits-Kommissäre Faure und Croft, Korporationsanwalt Scott, Sheriff Tamsen, Geschworenen-Kommissär Plimley, Präsident Maclay vom Schulrath, Ex-Straßenreinigungskommissär Andrews, der die Straßen nie reinigte, und der überhaupt alle Ursache hat, sich nicht so sehr an die Deffentlichkeit zu drängen, sodann einige Aldermen und kleineren Geister. Aber auch Damen sahen sich das noch nie dagewesene Schauspiel an, z. B. die Gattin und Tochter des tapferen Obersten, Frau J. B. Kennicut und Frau Clarence Gordon, welche lebhaft ihre Taschentücher wehen ließen, als Kommissär Waring auf einem feurigen Rosse an der Spitze des Zuges daher ritt und militärisch grüßte.

Dem Zuge voraus ritt eine Abtheilung Polizei, der das Munitörps des 7. Regiments folgte. Superintendent Robbins, sowie Deputy-Kommissär Major Cushing, Kapitän Gibson u. A. waren ebenfalls zu Pferde. Mayor Strong und die Herren auf der Tribüne klatschten lebhaft in die Hände, als Oberst Waring vorbeiritt, dann abschwenkte und mit seinem Pferde Platz neben der Tribüne nahm. Der Mayor sagte ihm, es sei dies die schönste Parade, die er je gesehen, was Herr Waring sichtlich schmeichelte. Es erforderte etwa anderthalb Stunden, bis die Parade an der Tribüne vorbeimarschirt war.

Staats-Zeitung.

It was a proud day for Colonel Waring, was Tuesday of last week. He had every reason to be gratified with the showing that his men and his carts made in their procession through the streets of the city. The men do not share Senator Grady's opinion that their uniform is a disgrace. The idea of uniform for the men, which originated with Colonel Waring, has worked so satisfactorily to all concerned that our able and efficient Commissioner of Public Works has followed the excellent example and has uniformed his men. The present Commissioner of Street Cleaning spends more money than any of his predecessors did, but none of them kept the streets clean; he does. From a sanitary point of view no department of the municipal government is of more consequence. If the money is carefully expended, as there is reason to believe, and if so large a sum is required, Colonel Waring should have it, ungrudgingly; and more power, say we, to the elbows of his street-sweepers!—*New York Home Journal*.

NEW YORK STREET CLEANING DEPARTMENT PARADE.

The first parade of the Street Cleaning Department of New York City, as reorganized by Col. George E. Waring, Jr., was held on May 26 and was an unqualified success, as a demonstration to the public of the value of organization and discipline in a municipal department. Fourteen hundred men were in line, together with numerous carts, sweepers and other apparatus. When the men of the Street Cleaning Department were put in uniform, the move was considered in many quarters as a subject for jesting. The men went about their work faithfully, however, under intelligent direction, and after the parade of last Tuesday it is safe to assume that the white duck uniforms of the street cleaners will no longer be considered a subject for ridicule. The wisdom of appointing as superintendents and deputies army officers familiar in the cavalry and artillery services with the organization and maintenance of stable equipments was admirably shown by the condition of the horses, cars and other wheeled apparatus of the department. The citizens may congratulate themselves that, as Mayor Strong said, probably no other city in the world can produce a force which is its equal, and Commissioner Waring is to be complimented on the high state of efficiency to which his reorganization has brought the Department.—*Engineering Record*.

There was a dim and far-away suggestion in Colonel Waring's parade of the white-coated Austrian troops who used to parade on the Ring in Vienna before troubles and worries had changed the complexion of the army of the dual Empire from the white of hope to the blue of something else. Naturally Waring's gallants were like Mr. Punch's picture, "after a great master, a long way," compared to the Austrian grenadiers of the old days. Still they recalled pleasant memories of Spurl's and other cheery places, and were in that refreshing. Also the sweepers marched fairly well, and, having learned the elements of discipline, they would be a good foundation on which to build a regiment. Wherefore the parade itself, one may ask Waring? Possibly the Colonel, having got his army, could not, like other military leaders before him, be quite satisfied until he had them massed for the delectation of the crowd, including himself. Perhaps the men thought that it was time that their fellow-citizens should contemplate them, and were willing to "chip in" for bands and banners. If the latter was the cause of the parade the men were quite right. They and their officers have been geyed unmercifully, notwithstanding the fact that they have given the town streets not only clean comparatively, but clean actually, and it was quite proper that their own good condition and that of their equipment should be exhibited to the people who pay for the service.—*Town Topics*.

THE DIGNITY OF STREET-CLEANING.

New York City has made what is probably a more unique municipal stride than that attempted by any other city in the Union: the military organization of its street-sweepers and cleaners. In one or two of the foreign cities one sees the streets' care-takers in uniform, but in this country we have been accustomed to find those human beings a most bedraggled lot. Not so in New York now.

When Colonel Waring was appointed Commissioner of the New York Department of Street-Cleaning he was made an object of ridicule on account of his efforts to place the department on a basis of military organization. When he said he intended to uniform his men in white from top to toe every one laughed, that is, every one but the colonel. Now no one laughs, least of all those who witnessed the recent parade of the street-cleaners. While these men in white may not yet be masters of military movement or perhaps cannot always keep step, they show in the way they paraded that they feel something



has been done for them and their calling. A uniform is no badge of servility, and in the case of New York's street-sweepers it has created a real *esprit du corps*.

The duck-clad street-sweepers instantly attract the attention of a visitor to New York City. He wonders at first why these municipal servants should be uniformed. After revolving the matter in mind it occurs to him that such a body is organized to protect the lives of citizens quite as faithfully as do the policemen and the firemen. To put a street-sweeper into prescribed garments forces him to consider himself more of a factor in the municipal welfare than if he worked in his own generally shabby clothes. And clothing them thus has a moral effect on the community at large.

It demonstrates to the citizen that there is complete organization in an important department, and gives him an object lesson in cleanliness and reformation. The uniform thrusts the employee in the public eye, keeps him there, and reminds the taxpayer that the city's money is being used for the purpose intended.—*Illustrated American*.

Colonel Waring and His "White Angels."

A SKETCH OF THE STREET CLEANING DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK.

BY WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH.

The march of Colonel Waring's men down Fifth avenue on a pleasant afternoon last May was one of the most inspiring sights that New York has seen in many a day. We have had "labor parades" before, but never one like this. Here was a body of men whose duty it is to do what is generally considered a menial work—to sweep our streets and take away our garbage—and they marched like honest, loyal citizens, proud of their glistening uniforms and proud of their organization and the man who led them. We who looked on saw one of the greatest examples of the truth of the old-time phrase "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." It was a victory for honesty in municipal government, a victory for real reform, a victory for common sense over "practical politics." Perhaps some who stood upon the curb came to scoff, but no one in sight of the writer did any scoffing after the procession once swung into sight. The people applauded a good "alignment" as if they were looking on at a parade of the Seventh Regiment; and it is safe to say that they went home with a higher idea of the "dignity of labor" and a deeper consciousness of pride in their own city than they had ever known before. Why, e'en the ranks of Tammany could scarce forbear to cheer, and the loudest applause that Colonel Waring received as he rode down the avenue was from the windows of the Manhattan Club.

There was infantry and there was artillery in the procession. The infantry bore no arms, and was clad in shining white. The artillery was made up of carts, clean and freshly painted, each one covered with white canvas. The five hundred and fifty drivers sat up straight, each man on the right-hand side of his cart; and the fourteen hundred foot-soldiers marched in close-set ranks, shoulder to shoulder, keeping step to the music of the bands which led each battalion. The Stars and Stripes fluttered over the ranks, and the one sign borne in the procession told the whole story:

420 MILES
OF STREETS
CLEANED DAILY.

We all had seen the "white angels" on the streets, an odd man here and there, working hard and no longer leaning wearily on his broom as in days of yore, and we had seen an odd cart going about now and then to collect the sweepings. We knew that these men worked under some sort of system, and that it must be a good one, but it is safe to say that the public had no suspicion of the thoroughness of Colonel Waring's organization until that procession went down Fifth avenue. That the men and carts were divided into "stables," that everything was perfectly systematized, that there was a genuine *esprit de corps* in this body of street cleaners—this was the surprise. And at least one onlooker made up his mind that he would find out more about it—and what he has found out is here set down for the benefit of the readers of "The Outlook."—*The Outlook*.

Perhaps, after all, the most remarkable thing about Col. Waring's parade of street cleaners Tuesday was that it exhibited to wondering New Yorkers a body of 2,500 city employees who are practically out of politics.—*Boston Globe*.

The street parade of Commissioner Waring's 2,400 street cleaners in their white duck uniforms was the finest show that New York has seen for many a day. The crowd that came to scoff remained to go into ecstasies over the handsome demonstration of the best organized street cleaning department in the United States.—*Boston Herald*.

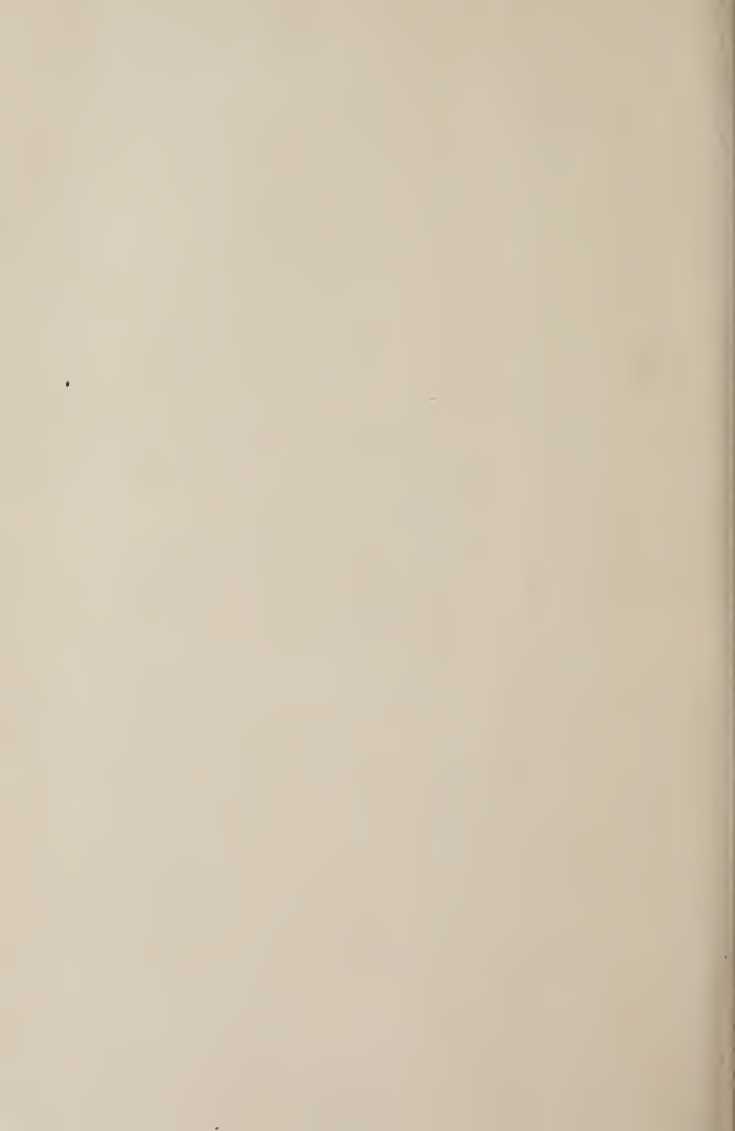
The street cleaners who paraded in Fifth avenue to-day made a good appearance and were well received. It was feared by some that they might be subjected to ridicule. They were reviewed by Mayor Strong and other city officials. Commissioner Waring, who rode at the head of the procession, came in for much applause. Colonel Waring has lived down the criticism and ridicule that he encountered at the beginning of his official career. He has earned respect by his success in cleaning the streets, and it is doubtful that, even if Tammany returned to power, Colonel Waring would be removed from his position.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

IT WAS WARING'S DAY.

Yesterday was a day of complete, soulful happiness to Col. George E. Waring, Jr., probably the first such day he has enjoyed since he left Rhode Island, at Mayor Strong's invitation, to take charge of the Street Cleaning Department of New York. Col. Waring has not always received the most kindly and considerate treatment possible. He hardly invited such treatment. He is a man of very pronounced views, and a very pronounced way of expressing them, and some of his methods appealed so irresistibly to the strongly developed New York sense of humor that he has come to be regarded as little else than a perpetual source of innocent merriment. He had his day yesterday, when the employees of his department, to the number of 2,200, paraded the streets in their white uniforms and were reviewed by the Mayor and applauded by thousands of New York citizens. To-day the newspapers of New York, which have almost constantly held him up to ridicule, testify without exception that the streets of New York have never before been kept so clean as they have been under the administration of Commissioner Waring.

Col. Waring must not flatter himself that his troubles are all over, and that he will never again be made the target of newspaper criticism and the butt of newspaper ridicule. There is too much individuality about him to permit him to escape unnoticed when New York wants to be amused, and





his "White Wings" are likely to be held as fair game for the caricaturist for many moons to come. But, at least, the efficiency of his and their work has received frank, unreserved and general commendation, and the verdict cannot be recalled.—*Brooklyn Times*.

STREET CLEANERS' PARADE.

The parade of the street cleaners in New York yesterday was a demonstration such as the city has never before seen. There were over 2,200 men in line, ten bands furnished martial music, and, although the marching was dizzy and variegated, all accounts agree that the spectacle was an extremely creditable one. It was creditable not only in the spectacular sense, but as an illustration of the methods which have brought about such conspicuous improvement in the street-cleaning service. The head of the department, whatever may be his idiosyncrasies, is an able, earnest and courageous man who believes in the application of business principles to government and who has not been afraid to defy the politicians in order to put his department on a business basis and keep it there. To-day the streets of New York are well cleaned. They are well cleaned because Colonel Waring has succeeded in imparting something of his own spirit to all the men under him, men who have been trained to the idea that they hold their places not by virtue of political "pull," but solely by reason of the work they are willing and able to perform. Naturally there were those who sneered at the parade. There were those who denounced as snobbish and un-American the idea of putting the men in uniform. The unintelligence of this comment may be excused on charitable grounds, but on no others. There is just as much reason why the street cleaners should wear a distinctive garb as there is reason why the firemen or policemen should do so. They are performing a public service the efficiency of which is promoted by the uniform. It is promoted in the sense of increased discipline and in the rivalry of the different districts to make the most creditable showing in the matter of appearance. That the departure has been advantageous is best demonstrated by results, for it has been one of the things that have helped to make the street-cleaning service across the river a source of pride rather than a scandal and disgrace as it used to be. Brooklyn can afford to learn a lesson from the demonstration. It shows what can be accomplished in the improvement of an important branch of municipal work when intelligence and determination are the forces in control.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

NEW YORK, May 28.

It is hard to say whether Colonel Waring or his men took the more satisfaction in the parade, the other day, of the forces of the Street Cleaning Department. It was a triumphal procession for him, as significant of victory in its way as the pageant of a Roman general returned conqueror to the capitol. Temperament and training, time and place forbade him to reveal his pleasure to the observer on the sidewalk. His men however, were too simple-minded and too proud of their excellent showing to hide theirs. They knew the contempt in which the force of the department was commonly held in the days of the Tammany dispensation. Many of them, in truth, served under it. They must have felt the ridicule that in flippancy, in envy, in pure malice, and in political hostility has been spent upon their uniforms. It has even added a phrase to the dialect of the town—"white wings"—that is to say, street cleaners in white duck. On Tuesday afternoon, however, they had reason to be proud of their uniform. Fancies do not much stir their prosaic minds; but to some of the bystanders it seemed a sample of the work that their chief and they have accomplished in the face of countless obstacles. For the time, it was the emblem, so to say, of the New York of clean streets.

These duck suits, clean, belted, well-fitting and trim, made, moreover, as

vivid and picturesque a dress in their kind as the white uniforms that some of the crack European regiments wear on occasions of ceremony. The men wore them with a touch of pride—sturdy, well-knit fellows, who marched admirably in view of the little training it was possible for them to receive. They were aligned by the divisions of the departments. At the head of each was its chief. The street-cleaners themselves followed; and after them came the carts, in columns of threes, their metal bodies and red running gear shining with freshly-cleaned paint, the canvas covers spread neatly over the body, the drivers in brown duck and helmets sitting at the corner, as dignified and as intent as a horseman piloting a tandem through obstacles in the Madison Square Garden. The horses were as nearly matched as possible; and those purchased under the new dispensation were an excellent lot—big Percherons and Clydesdales for the most part, well adapted to their work. Their tails were banded, properly enough; and perhaps cleanliness persuaded Colonel Waring, who knows and loves horses, to the ugly “hogging” of their manes. Every one of them showed the best of care, and the harnesses might have been cleaned only a few hours before the parade. Probably the number of these carts impressed the average observer more than aught else. He sees the street-cleaners themselves a dozen times a day, but the carts cross his path less often. Here, however, were squadron after squadron of them clattering down Fifth avenue as noisily as batteries of artillery. For the first time, perchance, they revealed to him the numbers of the street-cleaning force of the City. A procession that required forty-five minutes to pass a given point implied a larger body of men and animals, a stricter organization and discipline, and a larger task to be daily accomplished than he has been wont to picture. He will be less disposed hereafter to criticize adversely Colonel Waring's large expenditures. It was the first parade of its kind in this city, perhaps in any city in America, and it made visible impressions upon them that saw it. If they came to scoff, as a few young fellows did, they quickly found that their neighbors resented their gibes.

As a symbol, the procession stood alike for the regeneration of the department and for the transformation of the streets of the City. The rank and file of the force were in large part an inheritance from Tammany.

Under its rule, they knew that their jobs depended chiefly on their political loyalty to the men who had put them, as they used to say, on a broom. Accordingly, they neglected the streets, and cultivated petty politics or loafed in serene faith in the saving power of a pull. Under Colonel Waring and his lieutenants they speedily found that the one way to keep their jobs lay in obedience to orders and faithful work. So long as they did their daily task to the satisfaction of their superiors, they were well, if firmly, treated, while no pull could make or mar them. Every observer who is really acquainted with Tammany knows there is good stuff in its rank and file. Its leaders, greater and less, make it a pernicious organization. There was good stuff accordingly in these street-cleaners, and Colonel Waring and his lieutenants have revealed it and made it effective before the eyes of all men. In fifteen months they have transformed the force into a body of self-respecting workmen, genuine public servants, esteemed for the work that they do and actually beginning to be proud of the uniform of which at first they were a little ashamed. The men who like to mock at “the white wings” are often rather paltry fellows beside them, whether they sit in club windows, or hang about bars in company with working politicians, or even “make copy” for “great, brainy, breezy, metropolitan” journals.

As for Colonel Waring himself, his position is secure. He may ask what men or money he will, and a grateful city will now grant them. He may make what suggestions as to his department he chooses, and the municipal authorities will be favorably disposed to them. He may even talk as fluently and as sharply as he likes about men and things outside his province (though he has curbed his tongue and stayed his pen of late); he might even rail again at the faults of the Grand Army, and his fellow-citizens will regard his sayings

but as a harmless and diverting idiosyncrasy. For has he not cleaned the streets of New York and kept them clean for a full year from the Battery to the Yonkers border, from the extreme east side even unto the extreme west—a task once believed to be impossible to mortal man? Regardless of political leanings, men appreciate his good work. Even the leaders of Tammany applauded it. If they should regain the municipal government at the election of 1897, they are not likely to remove Colonel Waring. The longer his tenure, the greater the content of the community. His regeneration of the street-cleaning department is, thus far, the chief glory of Mayor Strong's administration. It is a convincing demonstration of the results of the management of a municipal department without heed to political considerations and political pressure. Able as Colonel Waring is, he could scarcely have succeeded in his task had he not set his face against the politicians and their wiles from the very start. They disliked him for his contempt of them; they intrigued against him; they lied about him; they made the most of his mistakes and his infirmities of temper; they sought to prejudice his men and the community against him. But they moved him not a jot from his first stand against them, while every day his work praised him in the streets. They have long since abandoned the contest. His triumph is complete, and the parade of his force publicly sealed it. The regeneration of the street-cleaning department is the most impressive example of "reform" in its best and true sense that the town has seen in years, and by such object lessons it is most easily persuaded to uphold and to extend it.—*Regular Correspondence of the Boston Transcript.*

PRAISE FOR WARING'S STREET SWEEPERS.

To the Editor of The Tribune:

SIR—Colonel Waring has taught a lesson to-day which perhaps he has least expected, and yet which in its unique, picturesque and earnest presentment impresses as nothing has done the dignity and power of labor. A master mind must ever direct, but "a man's a man for a' that." The regiment *qui passe*, "only street sweepers," has shown to-day that it is a body of men of whom the whole country would be proud in time of war, as those who have seen it are in times of peace.

These men have ennobled their work and have won the admiration and respect of all who have seen their dignified and manly bearing. What we have to fear in case of war is not a dearth of soldiers, but what shall we do for the cleanliness and health of our town if our splendid White Brigade go forth to defend us?

ALEXANDER TRUMBULL.

New York, May 26, 1896.

Il capitano generale delle scope di New York, Colonel Waring, ieri passo in rivista il suo biancovestito esercito. Era la prima volta che il brillante colonnello presentavasi in pubblico fra le sue schiere, montato sur un cavallo nero, come quello del *brat* General Boulanger.

Colonel Waring is much pleased with the recent parade of his men. And he has a right to be. The parade was exceedingly creditable to the Department of Street Cleaning and served to direct public attention to the fact that the streets of New York are exceptionally clean. Colonel Waring is a street cleaner and he is likewise something of a politician. Also he is soldier enough to know the value of a shrill fife and the spirit-stirring drum.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Col. Waring did well in organizing yesterday's parade of the street cleaners. It showed the strength of the force, and it made the men proud of themselves and of their work, a thing always good to do. Col. Waring has raised the

street-cleaning men from the condition of casual laborers on a disagreeable task to that of an organized and uniformed force feeling a just pride in achievement. And he has cleaned the streets and kept them clean, which is something that no other commissioner ever did.—*New York World*.

There is no division of opinion to-day as to Col. Waring's big parade of uniformed street cleaners. The Colonel has furnished New York with a surprising object lesson in what can be evolved by the genius of generalship from the most raw of raw materials and the most unpromising of conditions. The department parade was equal in effectiveness to most displays of the sort that the city has seen, and in picturesqueness has been surpassed by few. Col. Waring is something more than a joke, and the people are beginning to realize the fact.—*N. Y. Mail and Express*.

Nobody that saw the parade of the department last Tuesday can fail to be impressed with the results achieved by Col. Waring's thoroughly businesslike administration. The men are proud of their own efficiency, proud of the public's good opinion, proud of their chief. If the same principle intelligently and faithfully applied in the vastly greater domain of the new city's administration would not produce similar results, the popular government of great municipalities will have to be set down as a failure. Col. Waring's department presents an object lesson of incalculable value to the future Greater New York Commission.—*N. Y. Times*.

The Street Cleaning Department's parade will have the approval, we think, of all citizens who witnessed that innovation. For the Commissioner it was in the nature of a personal triumph. It invited comparison with the annual parade of the police, and Col. Waring stood almost alone in his opinion that his Department would show off to advantage in marching order. It is not too much to say that New York was proud of its battalion of street cleaners when they mustered 1,400 strong and in military formation passed in review before the Mayor. Their white uniforms became really impressive on parade. The carts and wagons of the Department, freshly painted and drawn by its picked horses, rumbled along with something of the dignity of artillery. The mounted men rode like cavalry. New York did not know that the resources of the Street Cleaning Department were equal to such a picturesque and imposing parade. As Col. Waring says, with pardonable pride, "those who came to scoff remained to praise."

It was a happy idea to offer awards for the smartest platoon of sweepers and the trimmest wagon and team. There is no reason why the men employed in the Street Cleaning Department should not emulate the men of the Fire Department in pride in their equipment and discipline. Hereafter the announcement that the street cleaners are going to parade will be received with genuine interest. Col. Waring, having originated the idea and projected it successfully in the face of adverse criticism and a disposition to make fun of the Department, deserves the lion's share of the triumph which it has achieved by its parade. If his general order is exultant in tone there is good cause for it. He not only keeps the streets clean, but preserves discipline among his men and turns them out for parade looking as smart and effective as a crack regiment.—*N. Y. Evening Sun*.

WARING'S WHITE DUCK REGIMENT.

Col. George E. Waring, Jr., of Newport, made a fine, breezy exhibit of costumes in the parade of his uniformed force of street sweepers in white duck, and all the mugwump press has been in ecstasies ever since over the military appearance of the poor devils who have to starve or wear a rig that any American regards as an insult.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY BYRON, NEW YORK.

It is our sincere opinion that there were some corners in New York City that needed sweeping while the unlucky victims of poverty were, so to speak, being dragged at the triumphal cart-tail of Col. Waring; and that sweeping the streets, not parading, is what they are paid for by the long-suffering taxpayers of this town.

To say that the streets are clean is nonsense. The highways of a great city never were and never will be clean. Only the avenues of a cemetery can be kept in that condition. New York's streets are less dirty—in the sections inhabited by persons of wealth and culture—than they were under Andrews or Brennan, or Beattie or Coleman. But the expense of maintaining the department has nearly doubled, and whether the money is better spent is an open question.

Every Street Cleaning Commissioner we have had for a long term of years has explained the necessity of spending much more cash if anything like ideal results were to be secured. The present Board of Estimate has done right in expending what the Commissioner thought he needed. That is Col. Waring's good fortune, not his merit, and surely no reflection on the former heads of the department, who got along with so much less and were compelled to practice little economies, like getting money for sew trimming instead of paying it out.

What the people of this city wanted was an administration that would turn the Tammany rascals out of all departments. They have got nothing of the sort. Particularly in the case of Waring they have had forced upon them a man whose indiscretions did more than any other single force—except Rooseveltism—to make a Tammany victory possible last November, and, if a Mayor were to be elected to-morrow, would beyond all reasonable question help to produce a similar result. New York might have been made a Republican city and permanently relieved from misgovernment if the Roosevelts and Warings had not disgusted the public with the reign of snobs in public office.—*New York Recorder*.

Editorials.

COL. WARING'S LABOR BRIGADE.

The march down Fifth avenue of the street-cleaning force yesterday was a demonstration in reform government which the city will not soon forget. It is a safe assertion that most of the thousands of spectators who witnessed it were astonished at what they saw. They had seen constant jokes in the newspapers about Waring's "white-winged angels," and they had heard from Tom Grady and other Tammany oracles that the uniform of the sweepers was a "badge of slavery," a "mark of degradation," a "stinging disgrace to a free American citizen," and other things of that kind, and they were inclined to think that there might be some truth in all this. But the parade cleared their minds for them. What they saw was a well-disciplined, able-bodied force of men, marching with a degree of military regularity that was extremely creditable, and commanding by their neat and manly appearance the respect of all beholders. Instead of a force of "slaves," they were seen to be a self-respecting band of public servants, entitled to and winning the respect of the public. We shall hear no more criticism of their uniforms from Grady or any one else.

In order to realize what an advance this force, with its uniformed and competent sweepers, its improved system of stables and carts, and its thorough discipline, marks, we have only to imagine what the spectacle would have been had the old force, under Tom Brennan, attempted to march down Fifth avenue three years ago, or even two years ago, under Andrews. *Falstaff's* men would have been the only standard of comparison for the force which would have turned out then. A great majority of them would have been too feeble to finish the march, and the temptations of a holiday would have interfered seriously with the military regularity of the step of the others. Nothing, in fact, would have induced either Brennan or Andrews to venture on a public display of his

"force," or of his carts and horses. The men were not hired to clean the streets, but to vote the Tammany ticket and make an excuse for a large appropriation. A more sorry gang of "slaves" was never seen than they constituted, and it is an incalculable gain for the city to have in their place a force of real workers who know nothing of politics, but everything about cleaning the streets. The city will never consent to return to the old order of things. Col. Waring is in office for an indefinite period, and no future Mayor of New York is likely to venture upon his removal so long as his efficiency is so manifest as it is at present.

And yet what a fight he was forced to make in order to win. It is only about a year ago that he was seriously threatened with removal because he refused to allow the G. A. R. to interfere with the control and constitution of his force. There were many people, and some journalists, who thought he ought to be removed, not because he did not clean the streets, but because he had spoken with disrespect of the G. A. R. We were, in fact, in grave danger for some time of having the work which he had begun all undone, and the department put under control of some practical politician who would recognize the "claims" of veterans and others to places in it. But the Colonel stood his ground, and his force is now the crowning demonstration of the wisdom of conducting the affairs of a great municipal department without regard to politics. Nobody questions his capacity or the wisdom of his policy any more. It is even admitted that his propensity to talk did not interfere seriously with the work which he had in hand, and that his former residence in Newport was not after all an insuperable objection to his usefulness in New York City.

His success calls attention to the great progress which has been made under the Strong administration, even if there have been many disappointments connected with it.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

THE STREET CLEANER'S REVIEW.

The review of Colonel Waring's White Brigade—we have never seen the absurdity in a uniform whose hue was that of the soldiers of the House of Bourbon who helped win Yorktown and is that of the soldiers of the House of Hapsburg to-day—probably settles the question of the habiliments of the city's manual servants from this day on—Senator Grady and Alderman Olcott to the contrary notwithstanding.

This is a part of the evolution of a civil serviee in the city and the nation. Many men now living can remember in their boyhood, if it was epeut in a great city, the manifold objections to putting the watch or the constables into police uniform. Even in England, if we mistake not, the tunic and the helmet date back only to one of the ministries of Peel, whose name, strangely enough, is commemorated in the speech of the people, not by his tariff revolution nor his bank act, but by a nickname conferred upon the creations of a humdrum bit of home office legislation. How little do statesmen guess the points where they are really to impress themselves upon their masters of the electorate!

Of course there was a good, sound, racial reason for the tardy establishment by English-speaking peoples of a semi-military force for the performance of duties which from time immemorial had been intrusted to slouchy knaves with truncheons—the subjects of perhaps the most exaggerated bit of satire in all the works of the English bard who has satirized every foible of his race. It was the old dread of a standing army bedded deep in both constitutions by provisions for the bearing of arms by the people and against all such instruments of absolutism as the German septennate. Once a year has every Anglo-Saxon minister or secretary to go to the representatives of the people for a military supply bill. It was the scorn of an industrial race for the ex-combry, the military dandyism of continental Europe. Most of all, it was the observation of the extraordinary handiness as a tool of tyranny—also in

continental Europe—of a thoroughly organized and drilled body of peace officers. However, we have passed that stage so thoroughly and so far that New Yorkers refused to realize until it was flashed reiterately into their faces for one hundred consecutive days the truth that in the last years of the Mulberry street empire the lives and fortunes of an appalling number of themselves were as absolutely under police dispensation as were the lives and fortunes of all Paris under the ministry of Fouché.

This fear, however, was a thing by itself. It was of the arming and drilling rather than the uniforming of men. Since then objection to the clothing of civil servants in garb of one cut and color has proceeded entirely from the politicians. Who cannot remember, for instance, some old postmaster, whose first application for office was backed, perhaps, by Thurlow Weed, sneering at President Hayes, the proto-martyr of civil-service reform, for putting the railway mail clerks "in livery"? And the politicians have had good reason. Once put a uniform on a man and he begins to feel that he is serving the body to which he belongs, if not the people whom it is supposed to serve. He feels above and apart from the "organization," even if it made him, and he carries the feeling into even the criminal branches—if there be such—of his public service. "Serves you right for paying money to a politician," said the stern sergeant to the weeping Mrs. Thurōw when she was "run in" after "retaining" a Tammany "leader" with a "fee" of \$100. But in the great majority of instances—for most men are fairly honest men, else the world could not go on—the man who dons a uniform puts on something of loyalty to the service he accepts, and simultaneously puts off much of his prior obligations. Hence it is that the Gradys—and men who call themselves better, but are far worse than the Gradys—would keep the "man on the broom" and the "man on the pipes," the Street and Public Works Department workmen, with their "badges of servitude," to the organization—the grizzle on their chins and the tobacco juice on their shirts.

It is plain, from the popular reception of the men of the Department of Street Cleaning on their parade, that the public has begun to realize that the sprouting of "white wings" is no small part of the emancipation of the public service from political control. To be sure, they were welcomed as the people's deliverers, in hard battles on the outposts, from the foe—recognized by scientific consensus as civilization's worst foe—of dirt. But there is, we think, a broader significance—and that is of deep satisfaction—in the actual, concrete "classification" of a great department of the civil service. Owing to that satisfaction, the actual classification of other departments will follow, in this matter of uniform garb—is following already. The seed we sowed in '94 doth sprout.—*N. Y. Press.*

CONGRATULATIONS TO COLONEL WARING.

Aside from a certain pleasing effect as spectacles, it may be said that the ordinary street parades, whether of the military or the police or any other department or organization, have little influence and no permanent effect upon the public mind. This, however, cannot be said of the parade of the Street Cleaning Department under Superintendent Waring on Tuesday. For that was something more than a show; it was a revelation. It was known in a general way that under Colonel Waring's administration our streets were cleaner than ever before. So much had to be admitted by citizens, who, having taken offense at some of Colonel Waring's injudicious utterances at the beginning of his administration, were loath to believe that he possessed the capacity to conduct successfully the affairs of so important a municipal department. And even the politicians who scorned the proposition that any municipal department could be managed without its being used by themselves for partisan purposes were forced to acknowledge that under this man's management at least the streets were kept clean. But the admission was made in a careless, easy-going way, as though, after all, it was a matter of not much

importance, the main thing being not to keep the streets clean, but to use the money appropriated for that purpose to make the party strong, healthy and vigorous.

Nor did the average citizen seem to take much stock in Colonel Waring's methods, or to be very much impressed with their unmistakably successful operation. On the contrary, it was deemed rather a good joke that this finicky theorist and unpractical dreamer had put the employees of his department in uniform—and a rather striking uniform at that—and thrust them into the face and eyes of everybody. The politicians counted this a disgrace, and that wise statesman, Senator Grady, devoted much of his time and talent during the late session of the Legislature to procuring the passage of a bill compelling Superintendent Waring to wear the same uniform and partake of the disgrace. But the joke got to be a little stale as citizens saw that the men in uniform were doing day's works with something like industry, instead of sitting on curb-stones, smoking pipes and talking politics; and even Grady got tired with trying to make it appear that the uniform was a disgrace. So criticism had pretty much ceased, and citizens were taking it for granted that the streets were kept clean and were not bothering themselves about how it was done.

The parade of Tuesday was an object lesson. Whoever saw it was impressed with the fact that here was the visible and tangible evidence that one municipal department had been administered on business principles, upon a plane much above that of ward politics and with undoubted success; that it had been thoroughly organized and systematized, and that for once the taxpayers had the worth of their money. Nothing could have served so well to demonstrate beyond question the importance of the department, its numerical extent, the high standard of discipline maintained and the excellence of its work. We take no risk in saying that, in the opinion of all classes of citizens, Tuesday's demonstration has not only set at rest all doubts as to the efficiency of Colonel Waring's administration, but has put his department in the relation of being the most conspicuous success in the whole movement for municipal reform. And we say this with the more heartiness because "The Tribune" very frankly criticised Colonel Waring at the outset of his administration, and, in common with the majority of citizens, may have failed to give him the credit he deserved for faithful performance of duty under adverse conditions. We congratulate him most cordially upon the results of his patient and conscientious discharge of uncommonly weighty official functions.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

From a large number of letters received, the following are selected as characteristic :

NO. 50 EAST FIFTY-NINTH STREET }
NEW YORK, May 27, 1896. }

MY DEAR SIR—Your back is broad enough to permit another hand to pat it, and I say "bravo!" The object lesson you gave yesterday in the parade of the employees of your department, is creditable alike to yourself and the City. I stood on the sidewalk among the people, and heard many expressions of approval of your satisfactory direction of this important department of the City Government. Looking at the men, and the horses and the carts, it occurred to me the

City has made a good investment, and viewing the procession from the standpoint of a taxpayer (we are all taxpayers), I am perfectly satisfied with the available assets as exhibited.

In relation to a uniformed force—the best argument of its popularity is that the men themselves feel some little honor in wearing it, and, I should judge from the throngs on the sidewalks, they were proud of their acquaintances in uniforms, and betrayed an evidence of gratification that some of their immediate connections were in the parade. The paraders certainly bore a very military appearance, and I trust, from the object lesson of yesterday, there will be no further adverse criticism of your judgment in requiring the force to be uniformed.

On the subject of uniforms, while a Park Commissioner, I advocated and voted for a resolution that, in order to insure greater efficiency in the department, the employees be required to wear, as far as practicable, a uniform dress. This resolution was passed on the 20th of June, 1883, and while I had a voice in the administration of the Park, it was maintained.

I have pleasure in congratulating you upon the efficiency of your department, as well as their appearance.

Very truly yours

JOHN D. CRIMMINS.

COL. GEO. E. WARING

Commissioner

Department of Street Cleaning.

COL. WARING:

MY DEAR SIR—We congratulate you on the eminent success of your great undertaking. Your parade in New York last week was a grand object lesson for the country, far and wide. It shows that the coarsest and humblest labor can be done in a way that commands the respect—yes, and admiration—of the community. Careless, slipshod, unfaithful work always degrades men and makes the air unwholesome; while intelligence, method and vigor elevate and dignify labor—

labor that inspires self-respect, makes good citizens and commands good pay.

It is easy to say all this, but to bring a great body of men up to it is the task of a leader of men.

Your parade was far more interesting and pregnant with human good than the hideous show of barbaric splendor witnessed in Moscow not long ago.

H. C. K.

Portsmouth, N. H., June 8, 1896.

UNIVERSITY CLUB }
MADISON SQUARE, June 12, 1896. {

DEAR COLONEL WARING—What I intended to write about your most successful parade was this :

I thought it would be an interesting and probably instructive excursion to wander among the crowds of workmen, etc., gathered along the sidewalk, and, during the whole continuance of the parade I worked my way along talking with the spectators wherever I got a chance. I was much gratified and not a little surprised to hear most enthusiastic praise from everybody, and never a jeer or a sneer or a funny remark. The papers led the public to anticipate a sort of monkey-show, and the cue given was not once taken by the crowds I saw. The usual remark was, "Well! we are getting our money's worth in street cleaning now," with an expression of surprise at the number of men, horses and carts employed. To my mind that parade did more good than anything that could have been projected, and I have the greatest admiration for the way it was carried out. There seemed to be no flippancy or funny business whatever, the men were dignified and self-respecting and much less conscious looking than most militiamen in uniform. Altogether it was a great success.

This, of course, you are tired of hearing, and I'll only add, "Bully for you"!

Yours faithfully

F. D. MILLET.

NO. 3 EAST FORTY-FIRST STREET)
 May 28, 1896. }

DEAR SIR—I cannot refrain, as an humble taxpayer, from congratulating this City, Col. Waring and myself on the parade of the Street Cleaning Department. From my windows, a fine view of the shining battalions could be seen, and wonder and delight were heard on all sides. Col. Waring has lifted an hitherto unknown and almost ignoble branch of our municipality into the fair light of criticism, dazzled both friends and enemies and accomplished the herculean task of compelling their fellow citizens to recognize these men as an army of defenders, ranking with those who shoulder the musket, dig the trenches, or throw up the embankment. “White Wings” they are well named, sheltering the City from the “Pestilence that flieth at noonday.” Perhaps, at some future crisis, at their country’s need, these disciplined, hardy troops may be, like the Roman Plebians, thanked for their valor from the steps of their nation’s capitol. The parade roused such a feeling of equal citizenship with these honest, strong, stalwart men, the Colonel has added a new touch to the moral and sentiment feeling of the City, and done his share in the elevation of the working man, far ahead of the efforts of the ministers or the labor unions.

Offer my most respectful congratulations.

Respectfully

ANNA ADRAIN DRIGGS.

The following is an extract from a letter from Dr. John H. Girdner :

“ I have been hoping for an opportunity to congratulate you on your parade. I saw it all, and I consider it in many respects most wonderful. The proud step of your white uniformed columns, as they marched down the avenue, convinced me that you have brought your men to a realizing sense of the truth contained in the lines :

‘ Honor and fame from no conditions rise ;
 ‘ Act well your part, there all the honor lies.’ ”

ALFRED
CLARK

